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No. 101.

## THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY H. A. FRANCIS.

What is the battle of life?  
Ask the young boy at play.  
Who knows as yet no toil or strife,  
But only pleasure and gay life.  
The battle of life—no hardship, no care,  
Has left any trace on his brow,  
Nor yet has he learned that all is not fair,  
As every thing seems to him now.  
What is the battle of life?  
The boy has grown to a man;  
He enters with zeal into toil and strife,  
And conquer he will if he can.  
"The battle of life, do you ask?" he inquires;  
"With me the fight's just begun;  
Full of hope, better prospects, of future desires,  
I'll on till the victory is won."

What is the battle of life?  
Ask him again, the boy grey.  
With him it follows now where toil and strife  
Left their mark as he went on his way.  
The battle of life, I think he'll reply,  
Consists in so living, that when  
The end of the contest for us draweth nigh,  
By dying we may live again.

## Ludwig, the Wolf: OR, THE PEARL OF GUELDRES.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY AGILE PENNE.

AUTHOR OF "ORGIAN NELL, THE ORANGE GIRL; OR,  
THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES;" "THE  
DETECTIVE'S WARD; OR, THE FORTUNES  
OF A BOWIEY GIRL."

CHAPTER I.

THE ROBBER.

"Enhoven's walls are high."—*Ancient German Ballad.*

The cathedral clock of Gueldres ancient town had just struck nine. The grand square was full of people. In one corner stood an honest burgher and his wife, gazing with wondering and admiring eyes, upon the close ranks of steel-capped soldiery, that, at this unusual hour, were mustering in the square and attracting the attention of the good citizens.

"Ho, Hans Nicolo!" said a neighbor, addressing the burgher whom we have mentioned, "what is the meaning of this warlike array? Is it another war with the French?"

The worthy burgher addressed turned in surprise.

"Why, neighbor!" he cried, in astonishment; "do you not know they are going to fight the 'Wolf'?"

"The saints preserve them, then," returned the other, crossing himself piously; "I hope they will fare better than the other expedition did, for they left many a stout heart lying still and motionless before Enhoven's dark walls."

"Good neighbor Fried," said he who had been addressed by the other as Hans, "pray tell us the story of the robber, for I believe you are acquainted with all the particulars."

Quite a little knot of people had now assembled around the two worthy burghers, attracted by the conversation.

"Acquainted?" said he who had been called neighbor Fried; "by the mass! I am! I have a cousin who is in the Count's own guard, and from him I received my information."

"Tell us, good neighbor—tell us the story of the 'Wolf'!" and the little group of citizens, who inclosed the two, repeated the request of burgher Hans.

"I will, neighbors," said Fried, in a self-satisfied tone, conscious of his own importance. "You must know my story begins some ten years ago, at the time of the war between France and Spain, and when they selected Flanders as their battle-ground. Our good Count, Arnold D'Egmont—whom may Heaven preserve!—with the Duke of Cleves, the Count of Haroilt and other Flemish Princes, espoused the cause of our natural allies, the French. Albert, Count of Enhoven, then held possession of the castle and domain of that name; and when the Spanish men-at-arms came sweeping like a cloud of locusts over our land, and the golden grain of Brabant was trodden under the hoofs of the insolent invaders, Albert of Enhoven, to the surprise of all, broke his treaty of alliance with France and the Flemish nobles, and, with every man-at-arms that he could muster, joined the banner of Spain!"

"The traitor!" muttered one of the burghers, deeply interested in the story.

"Right!" said Fried, pleased with the interest his tale was exciting; "he was a traitor, to league himself with the natural foes of his native land. Well, for a time the Spaniards, assisted by the false Count of Enhoven, were victorious everywhere. City after city opens its gates to them. At last the Flemish army formed a junction with the French, under the command of the great Duke of Guise. The allied force advanced and met the Spaniards near Bruges, and there defeated them with great slaughter. The Spanish army, or what was left of it, retreated in hot haste, leaving their ally, the Lord of Enhoven, to look out for himself. No sooner were the Spaniards repulsed, than every sword within our borders turned to punish the traitor in our midst. Albert of Enhoven took refuge in his castle, and close around it soon gathered the Flemish lances. The traitor, neighbors, was surrounded by a circle of fire, that hemmed him in, closer and closer every day. At last the castle was assauted and taken by storm, after a most desperate resistance. Maddened by the loss of their men and the stout fight-



The battle-axe came down with crushing weight upon the helmet of Liderick, felling him to the ground.

ing, the Flemish leaders gave no quarter, and all within that fated tower were put to the sword; not a man escaped to tell the tale. Even Count Albert's son, a boy some fifteen years of age, perished with the rest."

"But this robber who now holds possession of the castle?" quoth Hans.

"Have patience, neighbor, I am coming to it," said Fried, with a dignified wave of his hand. "After the death of Count Albert, and all his family, of course there were no heirs. Therefore nothing was done to the castle, and it remained in the same half-ruined state that the soldiers left it after the night of the attack. But, some two years ago, just at the time of the war with Burgundy, when Charles the Bold brought fire and sword upon us, the tower of Enhoven was taken possession of by a small party of Free Lances, in the pay of Burgundy. They used the tower as a head-quarters, and gradually repaired it, until it was as strong as ever.

The leader of the Free Lances was called Ludwig, and though he was young in years, yet he was a most daring captain. He ravaged the country with his little force, even to the gates of the city. His fame began to spread abroad. One by one, desperate soldiers of fortune—men who lived by the sword—joined him, eager to serve under so skillful a captain.

"Then he grew bolder. Hitherto, he had been content with stooping down from his perch at Enhoven on small bodies of our Flemish soldiery, or on herds of fat beavers going to feed our armies; but, as his force increased, he annoyed our leaders with skillful, dashing midnight attacks. With his lances well mounted, he would suddenly—and when least expected—assail some weak point in our camp; dash in, shouting the war-cry of Burgundy, slaughter our men, and, by the time they got fairly awake and began to prepare for resistance, he would be off as suddenly as he came, carrying perhaps a half-dozen knights of rank with him as prisoners. And then, he even went so far as to attack the castles of nobles who were friendly to our cause. So daring, so desperate was he—for he never showed quarter

save it was to some noble of rank who would command a heavy ransom—and yet, so cunning was he in planning his attacks and in eluding pursuit, that he finally got the name of the 'Wolf,' and hence, from the tower that he used as a refuge, they called him the 'Wolf of Enhoven'."

"A desperate man, neighbors," said our friend Hans, with an ominous shake of the head.

"Ay, that he is," chimed in a chorus of assenting voices.

"And after peace was declared, and the Burgundian force retreated, to the astonishment of all, the 'Wolf' Ludwig, remained in the castle of Enhoven. His lances now numbered some two hundred men, and, being skillful and well-trained soldiers, were a desperate force to cope with. Besides, the 'Wolf,' as a captain, had scarcely an equal in all Flanders. Our noble Count, Arnold D'Egmont, when he learned that the 'Wolf' still remained at the castle of Enhoven, and had not retreated with the forces of Duke Charles, sent a messenger with a flag of truce, to ask what right he held the castle of Enhoven. The 'Wolf' made answer shortly that he held the tower by the right of might. The messenger returned and gave the answer of Ludwig, which much angered our good Count, for he had led the expedition which wrested the tower from the family of Enhoven, he naturally considered that if any one had a claim to it, it was he. So he despatched another messenger, with a demand that the 'Wolf' should at once give up the tower and depart, taking his lawless band with him. Ludwig listened patiently while the messenger made known the bidding of the Count; then he smiled a grim smile, and said to the soldier: 'Go tell Arnold D'Egmont that, if he wishes the tower of Enhoven, he must come and take it.' A message so brief, yet so full of meaning, that he who runs might read it.

"When this answer was delivered to our noble Count, he waxed wroth, and swore a great oath by the 'Three Kings of Cologne,' that he would not only take the castle of

Enhoven, but that he would hang the 'Wolf' from its topmost tower as a warning to all robbers to avoid the neighborhood."

"That was before the attack made, nearly two years ago," said Hans, with his mouth wide open, drinking in the story.

"Yes, you are right, neighbor," said Fried.

"Our noble Count assembled his forces, who only numbered some three hundred men-at-arms, for he had just concluded a long and bloody war against hot-headed Charles of Burgundy, and soldiers were not over plentiful with him. When the Count swore to hang the 'Wolf,' he did not take into consideration the fact that, perhaps, the 'Wolf' would naturally object, and as he was as good a soldier as possibly all Europe could boast—or at least as good as any in Germany—and surrounded with a couple of hundred of Free Lances—men who fought with halberds around their necks, and who were as fierce a set of dare-devils as e'er laid lance in rest or robbed a church—his objections would have some weight."

"It was a dangerous expedition," exclaimed a fat little burgher who stood on the left of Fried.

"You are right, neighbor tailor," said he, bowing to the little man; "it was indeed, as you say, a dangerous expedition. But to finish my story: When Count Arnold and his soldiers arrived before the fortress, they found that Ludwig was prepared for a most desperate resistance. Our Count assaulted the tower at once, but met with a most determined foe. The struggle was brief; for Ludwig, from a secret portal, suddenly fell with the flower of his men upon the rear of the assaulting force. A panic ensued, and the men of Gueldres fled in wild dismay. Count Arnold was stricken down by the battle-axe of the 'Wolf' in person, who would most certainly have killed him, but for a young man-at-arms, who, perceiving the danger of the Count, sprung to his rescue, and received the second blow of the 'Wolf' upon his pike, which the battle-axe clipped from the handle as neatly as though it had been made of paper. The young soldier then dealt Ludwig a powerful blow upon his helmet

with his doughy two-handed sword, which beat the 'Wolf' to his knees. The Free Lances rushed to the rescue of their chief, and, in the confusion, the young soldier raised Count Arnold in his arms, bore him to a horse that, luckily, was near at hand, and, with the wounded and helpless man, escaped and reached the town in safety."

"A gallant deed!" cried Hans.

"Indeed it was, eh, neighbor?" said the little tailor to the burgher next to him. "I would I could have been there to have seen it!"

"Truly," said Fried, with a shake of the head, "it was a gallant deed. It needed something to cover the shame of the terrible defeat; for, of the three hundred sturdy soldiers that left the gates of Gueldres, to brave the 'Wolf' in his lair, hardly a hundred returned to tell the story of the slaughter. The 'Wolf' had won the tower and given his foes a terrible lesson. From that day to this, he has ever been a thorn in our side. He bears a deadly hatred to Gueldres, but why he should hate our city more than the others who are his foes, no one can tell; for, surely the terrible defeat he gave our soldiers should have satisfied him."

"Count Arnold has never recovered from the blow of the 'Wolf's' ax, I believe?" said Hans.

"No," responded Fried; "he has never been able to mount a horse since, and it is doubtful if he will ever lay lance in rest again. Still, he is not confined to his bed, although he is, at times, quite feeble."

"But, the young soldier?" questioned the tailor, pressing nearer, "who saved the Count?"

"Well I should know him, neighbor," said Fried, proudly, "since he is my sister's son. The young soldier who saved the life of the Count, is named Liderick du Bucc. He is now captain of the Count's bodyguard."

"Du Bucc!" said the fat tailor. "Did thy sister, then, neighbor, marry a noble?"

"Tut, man, be satisfied!" cried Fried, in a sharp tone. "Question no further. Curiosity sometimes costs men their ears. Have a care, then, and look well to thine, for thou can ill spare them, though they be of a size befitting an ass!"

The crowd laughed and the tailor retired, discomfited.

"I have seen the youth," said Hans; "dost thou not remember, wife, I pointed him out to thee last Saturday, at mass, when the Count and all his court attended? He was the shapely fellow with the brown eyes and dark hair, dressed in a sable doublet, puffed with pink, who handed the holy water to fair Anna of Gueldres, daughter of Count Arnold."

"Yes, I remember," said the good woman, who called neighbor Hans her lord and master; "and she blushed, too, when his fingers touched her fair brow; and, as he saved her father's life, I trow it would be a goodly match should she wed the handsome fellow."

"Mistress Nicolo," laughingly said Fried, "you are like all your sex—over quick at matchmaking; but, stout Liderick is but a poor soldier, while Lady Anna is the heiress of Gueldres."

"Ah! love does not always pay regard to station and fitness," persisted Dame Nicolo, with all the obstinacy of woman, who, when they once take an idea into their heads, can not be reasoned out of it, right or wrong. "She blushed when his hand touched her temple, and if she does not love him may I never speak more!" thus rather illogically closing her argument.

"And should that happen?" thought Fried, to himself, "what a blessing it would be to your husband!" But, he did not utter this thought aloud, as he had a high respect for Dame Nicolo's tongue, and had no stomach to encounter her in a war with that busy member; so he contented himself by saying:

"Tut! Dame! She was afraid the water would drop upon her gown. But, tell me, neighbor Hans," he continued, thus adroitly turning the conversation; "what is the meaning of all this warlike array? In truth I am ignorant, as I have just returned from a visit to Ghent."

"'Tis as I before told you, neighbor; they are going to fight the 'Wolf,'" answered Hans.

"Yes, but I see the banner of Cleves, and of Hanau!"

"True!" said Hans; "tis a league of all the neighboring cities against the 'Wolf,' who is the common foe of all. He has grown so powerful, as to be the terror of both Flanders and Brabant. The league have determined to crush him if it be possible; and, as this is the nearest city to the robber's stronghold, all the troops have assembled here."

"Pray Heaven they succeed and exterminate the robber! He makes sad work of our poor goods when they pass within five leagues of his den."

"Yes," returned Hans, "and no later than three days ago, he seized a whole train of French wine, a present from the King of France, and intended for the good monks of Bruges."

"Indeed," said Fried; "well, it makes but little difference to Ludwig, whether he be monk or layman that he robs."

"What is the truth, neighbor? When these good monks heard of their loss, they sent a brother—a most pious and holy man—to remonstrate with these worse than heathen. And when the messenger told the 'Wolf' that it was a present from his majesty of France, and that to rob them was to rob heaven, Ludwig laughed, and, filling a goblet of the very wine, asked if it was to be

considered sacred because it was their property, and if that made it holy wine? When the good man said 'yes,' thinking that the robber would return it, Ludwig laughed again at the answer, and asked what the monks thought of him and his band, and if there was a chance that they might be saved. The good priest replied that there was grace for all. 'Then,' said Ludwig, 'we'll keep and drink your holy wine, as it may effect our salvation. You and your brothers are too good sons of the church to murmur at any thing that may help to save our souls!' Then he drained the goblet and threw the dregs in the monk's face, bade him return to his convent and let the rest smell of his beard, as that was all of the wine that they would ever get.'

Fried could not resist a chuckle at the story. He was not greatly in favor of the monks, and though he swore roundly by the 'Mass' and by the 'Saints,' yet in his heart he favored a new religion, which a certain Martin Luther was beginning to preach, and which was gaining many converts among the middle and lower classes.

'Farewell, neighbor!' he said; 'I must to my home for I am tired with traveling.'

So Master Fried went home, while burgher Hans and his better half remained with the little knot of citizens to gaze upon the gathering troops.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SOLDIER.

Go we now to the palace of Arnold D'Egmont, count of Gueldres.

We'll enter the private chamber of Arnold. It is fitted up in the rich and massive style peculiar to the age. Tapestry concealed the wall; and the heavy and oddly carved furniture, seemed like so many specters in the gloom; for the chamber was lighted but by a single candle of perfumed wax placed on a little table, massive though like all the oaken set, even in its littleness. By the side of the table was a quaint old arm-chair.

In the chair sat a man, perhaps forty-five, yet wearing the pale look of a confirmed invalid. His head was covered by a small black velvet cap. Should we remove the cap, we should discover the cicatrice of a fearful wound, extending clear across one side of the skull, and from which the hair had been cleanly shaven.

The man was Arnold D'Egmont, count of Gueldres; the wound, the one he received from the battle-ax of the 'Wolf' nearly two years ago, and from which he would never entirely recover.

By the side of the Count stood a young man—by his dress, one would say a soldier, as it consisted of the high riding-boots and a buff leather jerkin over which he wore a light breastplate, of Milan mail, wrought in the famous rings that though almost as light as leather yet were as pliable as silk and defied alike the point of the sword or the bullet of the arquebus. Stout leather gauntlets protected his hands; by his side he wore a long double-edged rapier, about which there was no tinsel or gaudy glitter to please the eye, but it was finished plain in steel. A dangerous weapon in a practiced hand. A dark green bonnet, ornamented with a plain silver clasp, yet one of some elegance, to whom you may wish to say farewell? If so, I will detain you no longer. But remember, within two hours return her and arm, yourself for the fight. Here is your helmet."

"I shall not forget, my lord!" and the soldier taking the helmet and placing it upon his head, bowed low, and left the room. Liderick took the broad stairway that led to the garden in the rear of the palace.

Gaining the garden, with his heart beating high with joyful hopes, and the future beaming all bright before him, he made his way to a small portal in the side of the palace, and knocked twice, in a peculiar manner.

Yes, and indeed I was very—very sorry.

"And to you, my good soldier, I owe all to your life. But, in payment for that service, I shall give you my daughter," replied Arnold.

"And now, in two hours more, the expedition starts. Perhaps there is some Liderick, to whom you may wish to say farewell? If so, I will detain you no longer. But remember, within two hours return her and arm, yourself for the fight. Here is your helmet."

"I shall not forget, my lord!" and the soldier taking the helmet and placing it upon his head, bowed low, and left the room. Liderick took the broad stairway that led to the garden in the rear of the palace.

The garden was dark, for the moon, though full, was hid by passing clouds, that rode rapidly across the sky, giving visible warning of a coming storm.

The lover could hardly see each other's face, save now and then, when the moon shone clear; but their hands were clasped together, and the fair head of Anna, with her pure, blue eyes and hair, the color and sheen of the waving wheat, reposed gently on the manly bosom of the stout soldier.

"Why did you not come before?" she asked. "Truant! Are there other eyes besides mine that have charms for thee? They say the burgher's daughters are pretty, though they call me 'The Pearl'; perchance my stout soldier has fingered in the square on some fair lass, forgetting her who waited for him."

"Why, Anna, my heart's love! thou knowest I care for thee and for thee alone. No other glances have charms for me; but I have been with thy father," and he recounted the interview with Count Arnold. And when he told of the expedition against the "Wolf," her face grew pallid, and then, when told of her father's promise, and the prize he should gain, should the chance of war place victory within his grasp, the white face grew rosy red, and the eyes sparkled with joy as she hid her blushes, by nestling her head like a little bird on the breast of her lover."

"But you will be in danger!" she said.

"My lord, I would not say that!" replied the soldier, quickly.

"And she loves you?"

"My lord, I would not say that!" replied the soldier, quickly.

"It is the truth, my lord!" said Liderick, honestly.

"And yet it is so. I do not blame you. Hearts are hearts, and love is love, find them where you will. Liderick, freely would I give Anna to thee, but for one thing, and that is—" and he paused in his speech.

"I know what you would say, my lord. I am basely born. It is my misfortune, not my crime."

"I know that well, Liderick; but, think not that with me it would weigh a single moment, but the husband of Anna in time to come will rule over Gueldres. The voice of my people will be heard. The bar sinister stains your escutcheon. Think, then, what all my town would say should I give thee my daughter?"

"My lord," said the soldier, sadly, "I feel that you speak the truth, and that the lady Anna can never be mine. I will crush the passion from my heart, and never more think or even dream of it!"

"Then, by the mass, you must die, for you never will forget it in life," said Arnold, kindly. "But, Liderick, I did not speak of

this to wring your heart and give unnecessary pain. Do you remember the story of the Italian, called Carmagnola, the Commander?"

"No, my lord; yet I have heard of him as being a brave captain."

"He was so," returned the Count. "He was a peasant boy, and longed to be a great soldier. He joined the ranks of a band of Free Lances, rose step by step, until he led the armies of the proud Republic of Venice and was styled by friend and foe alike, 'The Invincible.' Do you mark my meaning? The fact of his low birth was concealed by the fame of his deeds, and few remained in the great commander the peasant lad."

"My good lord," cried the soldier, eagerly, "you would bid me hope?"

"Yes; even now you are a favorite with in our city, and men speak of you as being the rising soldier of our town. Gueldres is fond of warlike deeds; they would have a soldier to rule over them. Distinguish yourself by a victory, and no one will murmur at you for giving me your daughter."

"Oh, thanks, my lord!" cried Liderick. "My life is at your command to prove my gratitude."

"Now for my plan. The men-at-arms are gathering in the square, preparing to attack this robber of Enhoven. Many noble gentlemen are there; the Duke of Cleves, the Count of Hanau, and others of note of Flanders and Brabant. The allied force has requested me to choose a leader for the expedition, and whom think you that leader will be?"

"My lord, I can not guess," replied the soldier.

"The bravest and best lance in Germany; yourself, my stout Liderick!" said the Count.

"I?" said the soldier, almost dumb with astonishment.

"None other!" said Arnold. "Exterminate the 'Wolf' and you win my daughter's hand. All our town will be wild with joy, for this outlaw presses sorely upon the goods of our worthy burghers wheresoever they come within his reach. They will hail thee as a second Guise, if thou art successful, and call down blessings upon my head for giving them such a son-in-law!"

"But will the nobles, who form the league, consent?" said Liderick, doubtfully. "Remember, my lord, some of them are old and tried soldiers, to whom I am but a boy in arms."

"There's not one of them but has met the 'Wolf,' and been well beaten by him; therefore, if thou can conquer him, 'twil place thee above all," said Arnold. "I have no fear for thy success. I have arranged it, so that no petty jealousy of the other nobles can impair thy chance. Such jealousy there might be should they know that it was the simple soldier, Liderick du Buc, who leads them. So, at my request, a certain noble prince—whose title is second to none in our land—will lead thee his armor and then, with your visor down to conceal thy face, just before the starting of the expedition, I will present you as its leader. They will think you are the noble, and joyfully follow you. Then, in the moment of victory, you can declare yourself."

"Thanks, my lord! I owe all to your bounty."

"And to you, my good soldier, I owe my life. But, in payment for that service, I shall give you my daughter," replied Arnold.

"And now, in two hours more, the expedition starts. Perhaps there is some Liderick, to whom you may wish to say farewell? If so, I will detain you no longer. But remember, within two hours return her and arm, yourself for the fight. Here is your helmet."

"I shall not forget, my lord!" and the soldier taking the helmet and placing it upon his head, bowed low, and left the room. Liderick took the broad stairway that led to the garden in the rear of the palace.

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Yes, and indeed I was very—very sorry.

"I have not doubt of it."

His tone of proud, bitter endurance went to the heart of Jacinto, and the tears fell fast from his eyes.

"Oh, Captain Disbrowe, I am sorry for you. Indeed—indeed I am sorry for you."

"Keep your pity, my young friend, until I ask for it," said Disbrowe, with a look half-disdainful, half-cynical, "and dry your tears. I really don't require them."

"Oh, Captain Disbrowe, I am sorry for you. Indeed—indeed I am sorry for you."

"I did not know you were on board," said Jacinto, timidly. "I—I thought you were going to remain in New York."

"And I expected you would have returned with your friend, Captain Tempest," said Disbrowe, coldly.

"He is no friend of mine," said the boy, quickly. "I never knew him until I met him accidentally in Liverpool, and finding he was to sail the next day, took passage in his ship. That is all."

"Have you not seen him since you left Fontelle?" said Disbrowe, suspiciously.

"No," said the boy, earnestly; "not once."

"You have heard what has happened since?"

Jacinto lifted his large, black eyes, and Disbrowe saw they were full of tears.

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"I never meant to offend you—I never did! You hate me, and I—I would die for you!"

He turned to go. Disbrowe thought the time he had saved his life at the risk of his own, and a pang of self-reproach smote his heart. He started up, and laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, said, kindly:

"Forgive me, I did not mean to hurt your feelings; but the truth is, I am moody, and out of sorts, and just in the humor to quarrel with the whole world. Come, Jacinto, after all that is past and gone, we will be friends."

He held out his hand, with a slight smile.

The young Spaniard caught it in both his, and raised it to his lips, while his dark cheeks were hot and crimson with some secret feeling.

"And so you really like me, my dear boy?" said Disbrowe, half-puzzled and half-toothed, and thinking involuntarily of little Orrie.

"Oh! the rapture of that moment for the stout soldier, Liderick! Forgotten now was danger; forgotten now was all but the sweet girl he held within his arms. He could feel the beating of her heart against his own—that heart that throbbed for him alone. Enjoy that happiness, Liderick, for true happiness is rare in this world of trouble, and lasteth not; so enjoy it while thou hast it within thy grasp!"

"My lord," said the soldier, sadly, "I feel that you speak the truth, and that the lady Anna can never be mine. I will crush the passion from my heart, and never more think or even dream of it!"

"Then, by the mass, you must die, for you never will forget it in life," said Arnold, kindly. "But, Liderick, I did not speak of

raised by the taller of the strangers, came down with crushing weight upon the helmet of the soldier. Down went stout Liderick to the ground, stunned and bleeding. Anna fain would have screamed, but the second stranger threw a cloak about her head, and thus muffled her voice. As she felt the rough arms placed rudely upon her, her senses failed, and she fainted.

"Ho! ho!" discordantly laughed he of the battle-ax; "you would seek the 'Wolf' in his lair, but he has saved thee the trouble, and sought thee! Stand, Liderick du Buc, thou wilt not ride with the laudes of Gueldres, when they march for Enhoven's tower."

"The maiden has fainted!" said the other stranger, who was apparently one of the men-at-arms of Count Arnold, but was, in reality, a spy and follower of Ludwig.

"So much the better," replied the 'Wolf,' for it was the famous Lord of Enhoven in person. "We can depart with her unobserved. Wrap the cloak around her."

The robber, who answered to the name of Stuifneil, obeyed.

"But the soldier?" he questioned.

"Leave him to bleed and die. 'Tis not likely that he will recover. Few men do so, after once meeting the ax of Ludwig. Come; we must to horse, and then for Enhoven to make preparations to receive these gallant gentlemen that would test the strength of Enhoven's tower."

(Continued next week.)

**The Dark Secret:**  
or,  
**The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.**

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### OVER THE SEA.

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea;  
And why should I for others grieve  
When none will sign for me?"

—CIRCE HAROLD.

One week later, and the bark "Sea Gull" left New York harbor, bound for "England's Isle." The passengers stood watching the fast-receding shores of "Uncle Sam," and standing off among them was the tall, gallant form of Captain Alfred Disbrowe, gazing thoughtfully, sadly, on the land he was leaving.

Down the river, on to the wide ocean, swept the stately ship, and slowly and gradually the shores began to recede.

"Adieu to the new land!" he said, waving his hand; "farewell to bright America."

"A long farewell," sighed a familiar voice behind him, and turning suddenly round, he stood face to face with Jacinto!

There was a pause, during which Disbrowe's eyes were fixed steadily on his face. The boy's dark eyes fell, and the blood mounted to his brow.

"You here?" said Disbrowe, slowly;

"This is a most unexpected pleasure."

"I did not know you were on board," said Jacinto, timidly. "I—I thought you were going to remain in New York."

"And I expected you would have returned with your friend, Captain Tempest," said Disbrowe, coldly.

"He is no friend of mine," said the boy, quickly. "I never knew him until I met him accidentally in Liverpool, and finding he was to sail the next day, took passage in his ship. That is all."

"Have you not seen him since you left Fontelle?" said Disbrowe, suspiciously.

"No," said the boy, earnestly; "not once."

"You have heard what has happened since?"

</

A slight red came into Disbrowe's pale cheek.

"And his daughter—is she there, too?"

"No; Miss Macdonald is abroad—has been for some time—but is expected to return shortly."

"Indeed! Where is she?"

"Can't say, positively. Somewhere among the wilds of Scotland, I think. Of course your marriage must be postponed now?"

"Of course," said Disbrowe, with a promptitude that rather surprised his friend.

"There can be no two ways about that. To-morrow morning I will start for Disbrowe Park."

"Do so, by all means. Lady Margaret intends spending the winter in Italy, I believe, and can not leave home until she sees you. I will go down with you, if you choose."

"My dear George! the very thing. I would have asked you to do so, only I feared it would be too much, even for your good nature, to bury yourself alive at Disbrowe Park. How are all my friends in London?"

"All quite well, I think—some have gone abroad, and some got married. *A propos* of nothing—how did you like your visit to America?"

"Well enough."

"What is the place like?"

"A fine country—you should see it." "I don't know. I never care for wandering beyond the precincts of the Serpentine; the world beyond that is only half-civilized. Do you like the Yankees?"

"Very much—never saw people I liked better."

"Particularly clever and wide-awake, I have heard—the men all smart, and the women all handsome. Well, I don't know but I shall take a trip over there, some day, just to see for myself. It's such an old story doing the Grand Tour, as they call it—like the journey nurses give children to Bambury Cross. It's slightly monotonous. But you look terribly used-up, my dear fellow; had you not better retire?"

Disbrowe, or, more properly, Lord Earnecliffe—but the former name is too familiar for you and I to give up, dearest reader—arose, and Lord Austrey rang the bell. A servant appeared, and showed him into an elegantly-furnished apartment, where the greater part of the night was spent, not in sleeping, but in pacing up and down his room, lost in his own thoughts.

After an early breakfast, next morning, the two young peers were in their saddles and ready for their journey.

"And now for Disbrowe Park!" exclaimed Lord Austrey, as they dashed off together at a rapid pace.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### NORMA.

"It was not thus in other days we met:

Hath time and absence taught thee to forget?"

NEVER fell the sunlight on a fairer English homestead than the one on which streamed the warm, golden sunshine on the bright September morning of which I write. A large, irregular old building, not unlike a modernized castle, or a French chateau that had taken a serpentine turn, peeped through the clumps of trees, and thick, clustering, dark-green ivy. There were great windows of stained glass, and projecting gables, and odd rookeries, and an old Gothic chapel at one end—very pretty and romantic-looking indeed. There were broad, sunny glades, with deer frisking about, and long laurel walks, and shady avenues; even the trees met, and intertwined their long, green arms overhead—delightful walks and mighty suggestive for lovers. There were a couple of fountains, too—three twisted serpents on one side spouting forth tall jets of water, and bronze lions on the other, with gold and silver fish sporting in the glittering waters. There were the sunniest of smooth meadows, the most velvety of lawns, the brightest of terraces, overrun with ivy, roses, jasmines, and honeysuckles. There was the most fragrant and brilliant of pastures, bright with flowers of every hue and size from the wee, modest English violet, to the gaudy, flaunting tulip, passion flowers, and tall, creamy magnolias. There was a mimic lake, lying like a great white pearl in a setting of emeralds, where snowy water-lilies floated, and on whose silvery bosom majestic swans—of dazzling whiteness, serenely swam. Altogether, it was like a little glimpse of fairy-land, a peep into Arcadia; yet, had you asked the gate-keeper in his pretty little lodge beside the great gate, he would have told you it was only Disbrowe Park.

The young lord of the manor, in a rich Turkish dressing-gown, and black velvet smoking-cap, with gold tassel, lay on the long sofa, at full length, looking very handsome and very lazy. Being left to his own devices—Lady Margaret having gone abroad—he was alternately regarding himself with a few hints of his mirthschaum, reading the morning's letters, yawning, and looking out of the window. None of the epistles seemed to have the power of fixing his attention; for, after glancing lightly over them, he crumpled them up, and threw them into a *chiffonniere*—which had, no doubt, been placed there for that purpose—blew a few wisps of his mirthschaum, caressed an exquisitely beautiful little grayhound that lay on the carpet beside him, and leisurely went on with the next, which shared the same fate. At last he lighted upon one that aroused his idle wandering thoughts; for he started as he read it, and a look of angry annoyance and chagrin passed over his face. As he finished, he uttered an impatient ejaculation, and, springing to his feet, began pacing rapidly up and down the room, after his custom, when angry and excited.

A tap at the door disturbed his irritated soliloquy. "Come in," he called; and Mr. Norton, his *valet de chambre*, "confidential," etc., made his appearance.

"Lord Austrey, my lord, has—"

"There! Lord Austrey can announce himself?" said that individual, springing up the stairs, two or three steps at a time. "That will do, my friend; make yourself thin as air as soon as possible."

Mr. Norton bowed, and went off; and Lord Austrey flung himself on a lounge opposite Disbrowe.

"Now, then! I don't see why taking things easy shouldn't pay in my case as well as in other people's. Earnecliffe, my dear fellow, what's up? You look as if you had lost your best friend."

"What's up? Read that!" said Disbrowe, angrily throwing him the crumpled letter.

"No need to ask."

Lord Austrey leisurely smoothed it out, and glanced at the superscription.

"To the Right Honorable, the Earl of Earnecliffe."

"Humph! that's all right enough. Now for the inside!"

"MY DEAR ALFRED:—You will be pleased to hear that Norma arrived in town two days ago, and is at present visiting her cousin, Mrs. Tremain, at her residence, in Berkely Square, where, no doubt, she will be delighted to see you at the earliest possible moment."

"Randall Macdonald."

"That's all. It's on the short, sharp and decisive principle. And now, my dear Earnecliffe, let me congratulate you!"

"Congratulate me!" said Disbrowe, looking at him. "For what, pray?"

"Decidedly not. The man who would do such a thing would deserve to be, for the rest of his mortal life, a mark for the finger of scorn to poke fun at. Well, now, suppose I go in and win there, fascinate the young woman, get a rich wife, and clear you, thus obliging myself and my friend at the same time. Q. E. D., that's demonstrated, as that old fool, Numbskull, used to say at Oxford."

"I do not believe in ripe plums ready to drop into one's mouth!" said Disbrowe, dryly.

"I had rather have the trouble of climbing, and plucking one for myself."

"Unreasonable mortal! you might get a severe scratching in the attempt!"

"I would risk it. The greater the trial, the greater the triumph, you know. The consciousness of gaining a victory would more repay me for the trouble."

"You remind me of the old adage:

"Fly love, and love will flee."

Now where, oh! most fastidious youth, can you find one more beautiful, more accomplished, more wealthy, more fitted in every way to become Countess of Earnecliffe, than this same Miss Norma Macdonald?"

"Nowhere, perhaps. But supposing I am not inclined for having a Countess of Earnecliffe, at all, what then?"

"Why, you never mean to say you are going to perpetuate single-blessedness all your life?"

"Upon my word, I don't know but what I shall; if I can get my head out of this noose, I mean."

"Why, the man's crazy! Gone stark, staring mad, as sure as shooting! Do you feel any violent symptoms coming on, my dear fellow? or do you feel like the country swain in the play, 'Hot and dry like, with a pain in your side like?' Hadn't I better bring for Norton and the smelling-bottle? I'm afraid you've had a rush of insanity to the brain lately, and that reminds me—this is the full of the moon, isn't it? Where's the almanac?" And Lord Austrey started to his feet, the very picture of consternation.

"Pshaw! Austrey, don't be a—I mean, don't talk nonsense."

"Nonsense, man! I never was so serious before in my life. I should hope I had cause. When a man goes and sets his what's-their-names?—heart's best affections, and all that sort of thing, on his friend, and then sees him a fit subject for Bedlam, it is time to be serious, I think. Give up Norma! What the unmentionable-to-eavespolite has inspired you with that notion, most unhappy youth?"

"Austrey, I wish you would be serious for five minutes," said Disbrowe, springing up and pacing up and down. "I really and truly do want to get out of this business, if I possibly can. You are the only friend I can decently consult on the subject; and as you happen to be a relative of mine, I don't mind speaking to you about it."

"A fifty-fourth cousin, or something of that sort—ain't I? The first tremendous shock is over, and I have steeled my heart, and nothing can move me more. Hand me that bottle of sal volatile. Now I'm prepared for the worst; so make ready—present—fire!"

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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## CARRIE AND I.

BY LAURA GRAHAME.

*Gayly down the stream we float  
In our little painted boat,  
Sunbeams on the mountain quiver,  
Then glance downward toward the river;  
Who is this sailing down the river?  
Carrie and I.*

*The spray springs flashing from the oars,  
The larks fly singing up the tide;  
Silver-wings joy sing their songs, too;  
As we slowly down the stream we glide,  
Who is this gliding down the river?  
Carrie and I.*

*Softly her small hand rests in mine,  
And our two voices now are slinging;  
Joy! Joy! this fairy hand of thine  
Own—bell-like her voice is ringing;  
Who is this gliding down the river?  
Carrie and I.*

*A breeze blows out her silken curls,  
Across my face themselves they fling;  
I shut my eyes—oh, heaven on earth!  
And dream 'tis the sweep of a seraph's wing;  
Who's this thus floating down the river?  
Carrie and I.*

*Her May-blue eyes are beaming brightly,  
And the sunbeams on the stream play rings;  
The song, if I remember rightly—  
(Oh, sweeter than the lark's e'er sings—  
White on her cheek the Damask glows,)—  
Now, who's this gliding down the river?  
Carrie and I.*

## Millie's Merino Dress.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THERE was to be a grand concert in Elmville.

Now, there had not been a concert or any thing of the kind in Elmville the whole winter, and when the Musical Society announced an entertainment, everybody was thrown into a flutter, and great preparations began immediately.

All the milliners and dressmakers, yes, and tailors, too—for men like to "dress up," nearly as well as their fair sisters—were put upon double duty, and the merchants set almost distracted with demands they could not fill, for flowers, feathers, ribbons, and laces.

Pretty Millie Elgin smiled softly as she draped the shiny folds of her pure white muslin around her little figure, to see the effect.

"No stiff, starchy ribbons for me," said Millie to herself. "I'll have it trimmed and looped with trailing wreaths of grasses and berries, and it will look so fresh and sweet. I wonder—" Millie did not finish the sentence, but a close observer would have seen the pink spots deepen in her round cheek, as she thought of handsome Dr. Wells, and wondered if he would think her pretty.

He had not been quite so attentive of late, and Millie feared, from some things she knew, that he thought her nothing but a butterfly, not worth the thoughts of an earnest worker like himself. And on that night Millie hoped to win him back to her side, by making herself as attractive as possible.

It was an innocent little vanity, and I think she was quite pardonable.

Three days before the concert it turned exceedingly cold, and there was a heavy snow-storm. Millie walked up from the hall, where they were practicing, without her rubbers, and caught a cold; but it hardly made her hoarse, at all, so she was not worried about her voice.

The eventful night drew nearer, and the evening before Millie tried on her pretty dress, and stood before the mirror to see the effect. Very lovely and sweet, indeed, was Millie, with her white shoulders and round arms, so plump and dimpled, and the soft, green grasses twining and trailing around her fleecy dress. She laid the drooping wreath, which crowned the toilette, and turned smiling to her mother.

"Yes; it's very pretty, dear," said Mrs. Elgin. "But I feel almost afraid of that bare neck and arms with your bad cold. I wish you had made a thicker dress."

"Oh, mamma, it won't hurt me, and I wouldn't wear any thing else for the world. Maybe it won't be so cold to-morrow," pleaded Millie.

But when to-morrow came the weather was worse and so was Millie's cold, and in the morning Mrs. Elgin told Millie that she was very unwilling for her to wear that thin, low dress. Millie's own good sense told her it was, at least, imprudent, but it was so hard to give up the little triumph she had delighted in; and then, all the other ladies would be dressed in that style, and she could not bear to be called odd and old-fashioned.

So Millie fretted and worried till after dinner, and no change in the weather. Then good sense and regard for her mother's wishes got the better of vanity, and Millie walked resolutely up-stairs to her room, took one last longing look at her dainty dress, and wisely putting temptation out of her way, shut it up in a bureau drawer, and went to her wardrobe to select another dress.

She took down a soft, rose-colored cashmere, at last, and set to work with deft fingers to arrange it for the evening's wear.

Evening came, at length, clear, but intensely cold, in spite of which, at an early hour, the hall, where the concert was to be held, was filled to overflowing. At length the mystic little door leading to the stage was opened, and the performers thronged in to take their places. The buzz of conversation quickly hushed, and all eyes were turned upon them, and more than one bright pair opened wider as Millie walked across the platform.

But very sweet and lovely Millie was, with the rose-colored robes that fell in the soft folds of woven wool to her small feet, and one single golden star gleaming amid the down which surrounded her throat, and edged her loose sleeves. Her heavy brown hair was coiled and looped in a bewildering mass of braids round her dainty little head, and her sweet face was as fresh and pretty as a May rose.

Toward the middle of the concert was a short intermission, and Millie, with others, went off the stage to greet some friends in the audience.

Millie stood a little way in front of Sallie Clark's seat, when Sallie said, quite loud enough for Millie to hear:

"Do see Millie Elgin! Isn't she horrid, dressed that way?"

The hot blood rushed into Millie's face, paled, and flowed back as she heard the gentleman behind Sallie, whose voice showed him to be Dr. Wells, reply quickly:

"Why, I was just thinking Miss Elgin was the best dressed lady on the stage."

"But that thick, long-sleeved dress! It is simply ridiculous!" said Sallie.

"Miss Elgin has consulted health as well

as beauty," returned the doctor, coolly; "it marks her a young lady of good sense, and I should be glad to see others follow her example."

"Oh, if you are going to be her champion, I shall retire from the field," said Sallie.

And Millie, as she passed to the stage, turned and gave Doctor Wells a look of grateful thanks which he quite understood.

After the concert was over, and she sat beside a dim candle, her ear keenly bent to listen for the returning footsteps of her son.

He had been absent since morn. He had gone out deer-stalking, so he had told her. She could spare him for this, and pardon a prolonged absence. She knew he was devoted to the chase; he had been so from a boy; but more than ever since his trip to Texxas, where he had imbibed a passion for it—or, rather, cultivated that instinctive to him. While in Texxas he had made an expedition to the furthest frontier, and there hunted buffalo and grizzly bear, with trappers and plumed Indians for his companions. Thus inoculated, a man rarely gets over his penchant for the pursuits of St. Hubert. His mother, knowing this, could excuse him for often going out, and even staying late.

"But I came near doing so," said Millie. "It was hard to resist the temptation."

"Then you shall have the more credit for doing so," said Dr. Wells, gently.

"Will you let me thank you for taking my part?" asked Millie.

The doctor laughed. "You heard Miss Clark, then? I feared you did, and would feel hurt."

"I own I did, a little. But you applied the cure—Dr. Wells, I thank you very much."

"Shall I tell you why I took your part so quickly, Millie?"

"If you will."

"It is because I love you, dear. I have loved you a long while, Millie, and to-night I love you better, because you have shown me that you are sensible as well as sweet. Can you learn to love me, dear?"

"I think not," whispered Millie.

"But why not?" persisted the doctor.

"We cannot learn what we know already, you see?" she whispered, shyly.

And then—ah, well, how can I tell what happened then? But I can tell that when Millie took off her rose-colored merino in her own room, she gave it a loving shake, with a happy look in her bright face, and said, softly:

"You dear old dress! I'll keep you as long as there's a rag left, for this night's sake, and I am not sure but you shall be my wedding-dress!"

## Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,  
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCH,"  
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHEF," ETC.

### CHAPTER XL.

"WHY COMES HE NOT?"

If, on that night, Helen Armstrong went to bed thinking bitterly of Charles Clancy, there was another woman, who sat up, thinking sadly about him.

Some two miles from the gate of Colonel Armstrong's plantation—near the road that led past the latter—stood a house of humble aspect, compared with the dwelling of the planter. It might have been called a cottage; but the name is scarcely known in the South-western States. Nor yet was it either log cabin, or "shanty," but a frame house, with walls of "weather boarding" planed and painted, the roof being of "shingles." It was a class of dwelling occasionally seen in the Southern States—though not so frequently as in the Northern—inhabited by men in moderate circumstances, poorer than planters, but richer or more gentle than the "white trash," who live in log cabins.

Planters they were in social rank, though poor; perhaps owning three or four slaves, and cultivating a small holding of land, from twenty to fifty acres. A frame house vouches for their respectability, while two or three log structures at the back representing barn, stable, and other outbuildings, told of there being land attached.

Of this class was the habitation spoken of as standing two miles from the gate of Colonel Armstrong's plantation. It was the home of Charles Clancy; and inside it was the woman whose thoughts about him on that night, we have described as being sad. He was her son—her only child—and his only living parent, for Charles Clancy's mother was a widow.

Her widowhood was of recent date. She still wore its emblems upon her person, and carried its sorrow in her heart.

Her husband, a decayed Irish gentleman, had found his way to Nashville, the capital city of Tennessee, where, in times long past, many good Irish families made settlement. It was there he had married her, she herself being a native Tennessee spring from the old Carolina pioneer stock, that had gone into the country near the end of the eighteenth century, along with the Robertsons, Hynes, Hardings, and Bradfords, leaving to their descendants a certain patent of nobility, or at the least a family name deserving and generally obtaining respect.

In America, as elsewhere, it is not the rule for Irishmen to grow rich, and still more exceptional in the case of an Irish gentleman. When these have riches their hospitality is too apt to take the shade of a spendthrift profuseness, ending in pecuniary embarrassment.

It was so with Captain Jack Clancy, who got wealth with his wife, but soon squandered it upon his own and his wife's friends. The result was a move to Mississippi, where land was at the time cheaper, and where his attenuated fortune enabled him to hold out a little longer.

Still the property he had purchased in Mississippi State was but a poor one; and he was contemplating a further fit into the rich "red lands" of North-eastern Texas, just then becoming famous as a field for colonization. His son had been sent thither on a trip of exploration; had spent twelve months upon the frontier prospecting for their new home; and returned with a report in every way favorable. But the ear, into which it was to have been spoken, could no more hear. Before his return, Captain Clancy was in his coffin; and to the only son there remained only a mother.

This was several weeks antecedent to the tragedy, whose details are already before the reader. Charles had passed the intervening time in endeavoring to console his dearly-beloved and widowed mother, whose grief, pressing heavily, had almost brought her to the grave. It was one of a long series of reverses that had sorely taxed her fortitude.

As beauty," returned the doctor, coolly; "it marks her a young lady of good sense, and I should be glad to see others follow her example."

"Oh, if you are going to be her champion, I shall retire from the field," said Sallie.

And Millie, as she passed to the stage, turned and gave Doctor Wells a look of grateful thanks which he quite understood.

After the concert was over, and she sat beside a dim candle, her ear keenly bent to listen for the returning footsteps of her son.

He had been absent since morn. He had gone out deer-stalking, so he had told her. She could spare him for this, and pardon a prolonged absence. She knew he was devoted to the chase; he had been so from a boy; but more than ever since his trip to Texxas, where he had imbibed a passion for it—or, rather, cultivated that instinctive to him. While in Texxas he had made an expedition to the furthest frontier, and there hunted buffalo and grizzly bear, with trappers and plumed Indians for his companions. Thus inoculated, a man rarely gets over his penchant for the pursuits of St. Hubert. His mother, knowing this, could excuse him for often going out, and even staying late.

"But I came near doing so," said Millie. "It was hard to resist the temptation."

"Then you shall have the more credit for doing so," said Dr. Wells, gently.

"Will you let me thank you for taking my part?" asked Millie.

The doctor laughed. "You heard Miss Clark, then? I feared you did, and would feel hurt."

"I own I did, a little. But you applied the cure—Dr. Wells, I thank you very much."

"Shall I tell you why I took your part so quickly, Millie?"

"If you will."

"It is because I love you, dear. I have loved you a long while, Millie, and to-night I love you better, because you have shown me that you are sensible as well as sweet. Can you learn to love me, dear?"

"I think not," whispered Millie.

"But why not?" persisted the doctor.

"We cannot learn what we know already, you see?" she whispered, shyly.

And then—ah, well, how can I tell what happened then? But I can tell that when Millie took off her rose-colored merino in her own room, she gave it a loving shake, with a happy look in her bright face, and said, softly:

"You dear old dress! I'll keep you as long as there's a rag left, for this night's sake, and I am not sure but you shall be my wedding-dress!"

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fellow-searchers. Once or twice, as he approached the spot where the blood had been spilled, the dog sprung toward him with a fierce growl, and continued it until beaten off!

Men made note of the matter, but no comments at the time. They were too much occupied with conjectures as to what had actually occurred. Death to Charles Clancy they were now sure, and they bussed themselves searching for his body.

All around the forest was explored; along the swamp edge; up and down the sides of the sluggish creek that ran near by.

Several hours were spent by them in tramping about, but not a trace could be found of living man or dead body. The searchers only looked for the last. Not one of them had the slightest hope of Charles Clancy being still alive. How could they, with such evidence of his death before their eyes?

Nor was there any doubt about his having been killed. There was no sign to make them think he had committed suicide. All they had yet seen, or knew, pointed to assassination—to stark, downright murder.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

## Laura's Peril: OR, THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"  
ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### PREPARING FOR JOHN.

WHEN the telegram announcing the illness of John Nevin reached Oak Manor, it threw the family into an excitement which they had not experienced for many a day.

Alice helped her father to get ready to go to the city, while the servants prepared a room for the reception of the invalid, and Mabel sought for bouquets of fresh flowers to be sent to him.

"It's so gloomy," she said, to Mrs. Houston, "and flowers are so bright; it is so stale, and flowers are so fresh; it has the smell of drugs, and bouquets are so delightfully aromatic."

When Alice paid her first visit to the scene of preparations, she found the soft muslin curtains drawn aside, flowers wreathed about the statue of Psyche on the mantle, and a bouquet on the little marble table at the head of the bed.

"Ain't it nice, and cool and inviting?" asked Mabel. "I'm sure he can't help but get well here."

Yes, Alice thought it very nice indeed; but the curtains needed just the slightest attention; they hung too limp, and were not quite full enough; Psyche ought to present a profile instead of full front, and the moss basket which hung in the open window was too dry and ought to be sprinkled.

All this she remedied with her own hands, while Mabel smiled quietly, knowing the time that the necessity for this labor laid in the fact that Alice could not be happy, were other hands than her own to provide for the comfort of John Nevin.

When every thing had been arranged, Alice took a long survey of the apartment, and then it was locked up and the two girls went down-stairs.

Mabel had received a letter from Joe Dorner that morning, and now she went off to the library to answer it, while Alice strolled into the garden to think and dream of John's coming.

Presently she grew tired of the landscape, and began to wonder if every thing in John's room was just as she had left it. The more she wondered the more anxious she became, and finally she determined to satisfy herself. There was no person in the hall nor on the stairs as she groped her way back, in the uncertain twilight, and blushing red, stepped into the vacant chamber.

The delicate fragrance of the flowers Mabel had brought met her on the threshold, and the snowy curtains that drifted away from the windows and lay in folds upon the floor, were just as beautiful and neat as she could have wished them. Still, her fastidious taste, or her desire to be employed, I am not sure which, whispered to her the propriety of looping up the curtains a trifle more, and of rearranging the pillows on the bed in the corner. This she did on tip-toe, gliding like a spirit of order and sympathy everywhere.

When all had been done; when there was not the slightest excuse for her remaining longer, she paused and looked regretfully about her. All at once a sudden desire to press her head on that pillow where his was to lay, took possession of her, and impulsively, as indeed she did every thing, she fell upon her knees by the bedside, burying her face in the down and ruffles, and crying out:

"Oh, John! John Nevin, you can never know—never guess, how much—how dearly—I love you!"

There was a tramping of heavy feet—a staggering, shuffling, heavy tread in the hall below, and Alice leaped to her feet and rushed out on the landing at the head of the wide stairs.

"Who is that—is that John?"

No one answered, but she saw her father leaning over a form that two of the hired men were carrying, and then she caught sight of a pale face and drifts of black hair, which she knew too well.

Her first impulse was to rush down and kiss the sick man, but, on second thought, she grew scarlet at the bare idea of doing any thing so unmanly, and so contented herself with crowding back into a corner to permit the men to pass with their burden.

Then she heard her father say that the journey had made him much worse. She could not go into John's room now; not while all those people were there, and stealing down-stairs unnoticed, she went off to the bluff overlooking the river.

There she sat down and cried; cried because John was worse; cried because society hedged in women so, and prevented her from telling him how much she loved him, how sorry she was that he was sick; and cried, too, that she was nothing but an ignorant, helpless girl, who could do naught but watch and wait for death or convalescence.

"Alice, dear John wants you."

It was Mabel who spoke—kind, gentle Mabel—and Alice grasped her hand and asked, eagerly:

"Does he really want me, Mabel—did he ask for me?"

"Yes,"

He was correct; it was from Mabel; for under the directions was written in a chir-

"Is there—is there anybody with him?" This with some hesitation.

"No; not one."

Alice drew a long breath of relief and started for the house. When she reached the door of the sick room, however, she grew strangely timid. She stopped an instant and glanced in. The great round lamp of frosted glass, which depended from the ceiling, was turned down to a glimmer, making objects in the chamber appear very vague and indistinct, but there was light enough to show her where John Nevin lay with his face turned to the wall.

Quietly she stepped in, without making the faintest noise, and stood by the bedside.

"John!"

He turned quickly; his face looked whiter than marble in the dim light, and his eyes had a glassy glare in them.

"Alice—child!" he exclaimed, reaching out his feverish hand, and resting it upon her head.

She fell upon her knees.

"Oh, John, I'm so sorry you're sick."

There was something very honest in that assertion, and the quivering of the girl's voice thrilled John Nevin through and through. It was something to have a pure, honest, simple girl's love, after all, and he answered:

"I knew you would be sorry, Alice, and believe me, I'm grateful."

"Oh, don't talk that way—of gratitude," she interrupted. "I don't want you to be grateful." Then, not knowing what else to say, she added: "Just please tell me, John, what you want—and don't ask anybody else for any thing—will you?"

He promised he would not, and then a silence fell upon them. At length, John said:

"Alice, I think we had better change the programme; there may be danger in coming here, even."

"Danger?"

"Yes; this fever may be, probably is, contagious, and I'd sooner die than have you suffer as I am suffering now."

"And I would rather die, John, than leave you to suffer alone." She spoke calmly.

He reached out his hand and drew hers to him.

"God bless you, darling," he exclaimed, and then he kissed it passionately with his burning lips, while she bowed her head and cried secretly, for joy.

The next morning John was a great deal worse, and on the evening of the fifth day he was raving with delirium.

"It will be a hard matter to bring him around," said the attending physician; "the fever has got such a hold upon him. You see, he hasn't been as careful of himself as he should have been, and when disease fastens itself upon such a man, it is hard to root out."

"But, doctor, don't you think we had better have a consultation?" asked Captain Houston.

The grizzly old doctor smiled.

"As you please," he said; "nothing to me, of course; can have anybody you name; I'm willing, I'm sure, to meet any physician in the county, or out of it."

"But, doctor—"

He waived his gloved hand.

"No offense in the world; it's your privilege to have whomsoever you have the greatest confidence in. I have treated the patient on scientific principles; I have not deceived you as to the danger; if you still feel like trusting me with the case, well and good; if not—"

Captain Houston interrupted him.

"We have the fullest confidence in your skill; the consultation was a mere suggestion."

"Oh, very well," replied the other, a trifle mollified. "I will bring Doctor Ahl with me, in the morning."

He bowed, gravely, at the door, leaped on his horse, and was gone.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### IN CALIFORNIA.

Joe and Adam Dorner sat in the office of the dry-goods house of Dorner & Co., in Sacramento, toward the close of an August day. It was a splendid establishment, filled with goods, some of the finest textures others more useful than ornamental. Four or five clerks were busy waiting on a group of ladies on the first floor, while upstairs an equal number were in attendance on those who wished to purchase for the mining camps in large quantities, and at wholesale prices.

When all had been done; when there was not the slightest excuse for her remaining longer, she paused and looked regretfully about her. All at once a sudden desire to press her head on that pillow where his was to lay, took possession of her, and impulsively, as indeed she did every thing, she fell upon her knees by the bedside, burying her face in the down and ruffles, and crying out:

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"Alice, dear John wants you."

It was Mabel who spoke—kind, gentle Mabel—and Alice grasped her hand and asked, eagerly:

"Does he really want me, Mabel—did he ask for me?"

"Yes,"

He was correct; it was from Mabel; for under the directions was written in a chir-

ograph he knew well, "For Joe, from Mabel."

It was a great flat package, and nimbly flew Joe and Adam's fingers until the wrappings were all torn aside, and then Joe gave a shout of joy.

It was Mabel's picture, painted by George Dalby, almost life-size.

The eyes were blue, the skin soft and peachy-looking, the shoulders, which were bare, white as the baldric of the skies, and skeins of golden hair seemed to float out with the well-shaped head.

"Is her image!" exclaimed Adam, wiping the tears from his eyes; "her very image!"

"Could not be more like her," responded Joe, all the sweet memories of the past stealing over him as he gazed. "God bless her!—more like an angel than a woman."

"Seems as if I could run my fingers through her hair as I used to do," said Adam, after a while. To this Joe made no answer; he was kneeling on the floor before the counterfeited presentment, and was greedily devouring the face before him, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Looking up, he met the gaze of Cleve Standish, one of his best customers.

"Ah! Mr. Standish, that you?" said Joe, without moving, but reaching his hand.

"Yes; I myself," replied the tall, sun-browned, handsome man.

"When did you come down from Marysville? Mr. Standish?" asked Adam, rising and brushing the dust from his knees.

"This morning's boat," was the reply.

"But what's Dorner, Jr., doing in that posture? Praying, eh?"

Cleve Standish was smiling as he spoke, and Joe smiled too, as he said. "Yes; worshiping at the shrine of innocence and beauty. What do you think of that for a picture?"

He turned the portrait around, and Cleve Standish's eyes fell full upon it.

There must have been something terrible in the painting, or in the gray light that fell upon it, for Cleve Standish's face became white as snow, and he staggered back a pace, clasping his hands in surprise.

"Who—who is this?" he managed to ask.

"What's her name?"

"Well," said Adam, not noticing the other's confusion, "that's the picture of our little Mabel."

"Mabel—Mabel Dorner? Did you say Mabel Dorner?"

"No, sir, I did not, seeing as I couldn't say without telling a lie. Her name is not Dorner, at all, sir."

"Then she is not your own?"

"No, not my own flesh and blood, but, God bless her pretty face, she's dearer to me than many a man's daughter to him."

"But her name?" exclaimed Standish.

"Is simply Mabel Lynn," answered Joe, turning from his earnest perusal of the portrait.

Cleve shut his eyes an instant, and to himself he repeated that name which had been dead to him for nineteen years. Then he said:

"This picture was taken a great many years ago, when she was quite young."

"Quite young," repeated Joe; "why, Mr. Standish, what are you talking about? She is quite young yet—eighteen past only. She don't look older, does she?"

"No, no; not older." Then Cleve Standish passed his hands over his eyes, and added: "I feel out of sorts to-day, gentlemen. I will not purchase now. I will go to the hotel and rest."

The Dorners thought Standish acted very strangely, and when he had gone, Adam remarked:

"I thought he was a te-tot-lar."

"So he is," replied Joe. "It ain't liquor that affects him, but memory. Possibly it reminds him of some person he left behind him in the Atlantic States."

"I suppose so," replied Adam, and then there was nothing more said about Standish or his strange manner.

CHAPTER XIX.

#### NOW HE LOVED HER.

WHEN the Dorners returned to their hotel that evening, they brought Mabel's portrait with them. At first, they determined upon hanging it in Joe's chamber, and then in Adam's, and finally they compromised on the little sitting-room which completed their suite.

"She'll appear more like common property here," protested Adam, and Joe said "yes" although he felt as if his room was, after all, the place where she properly belonged, and could scarce restrain himself from saying as much.

This feeling was considerably shaken, however, on the following day, when he received a letter from Mabel informing him of the sending of the portrait.

"It was painted from memory, by a dear friend, Mr. George Dalby, whom I think I mentioned in my last as having spent the season with us at Newport.

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the Rajah, who was all-powerful, as they, the writers, would have to suffer the penalty.

Annexed to these was a proclamation from the Rajah himself.

He announced that in three days more the left ears of the captives would be sent, unless the ransom was on its way to the appointed spot; and so on, successively, till the whole of their bodies should have been cut piecemeal.

The mysterious sending of this dispatch had dreadfully surprised the merchants. They had come to the conclusion to pay the ransom at once, and take their chances of capturing the pirates who came after it.

To this end they had taken up a subscription among all the principal inhabitants of the place, and dispatched three hundred thousand pounds in gold in the Thunder-bolt, to be landed at the island and left on the beach.

There was great indignation among the captains of the men of war when the "cowardly surrender" as they called it, of the Singapore merchants was known. They had expected a fight, instead of which, moyne was to release the captives.

Orders arrived from the commander-in-chief at Singapore to leave Gilollo and come back, and the English and French vessels obeyed the orders of their representatives. The Comanche was the only vessel left on the station, for the merchants had sent a peremptory recall to the "Avenger," in which Claude had come there first. But Peyton himself, with the Bloodhound, was independent. He had determined to cruise about till he found the Red Rajah and rescued Marguerite, if it took him years. Her last words as heard by Ismail: "I do not love you any more. You have deceived me again" still rung in his ears. He was resolved to stay there.

The sensation of cruising in a swift prahu, able to overhaul anything in the way, was delightful. Claude scoured the Celebes sea all day and all night, and next morning was gladdened with the sight of the clumsy mat sails of a Chinese junk, with a strange prahu close to her.

When the look-out, perched on the end of the lofty lateen yard, gave warning of that, it was just dawn.

Peyton rushed out of the little deck cabin and gave an involuntary shout of joy. There was no mistaking the cut of the other's sails. She was a piratical prahu, low and black, with enormous spread of yard. The two vessels were about a mile off, and alongside of each other. There was very little wind, and what there was, was dead astern of the Bloodhound, which was slipping through the water at about eight knots an hour.

Peyton went forward and watched the vessels, while his men were tumbling up to quarters.

The Bloodhound cut through the water with such rapidity, that two minutes more would have brought her up to the enemy; when the crew of the strange prahu suddenly seemed to perceive her; for that vessel parted company with the junk and sailed out.

It was evidently the pirate's intention to fight. Peyton could see the crew mustering on the bamboo fighting-deck. They were the men he was in search of, in their scarlet sarongs and jackets, armed with spears, muskets, and krisses.

Claude Peyton rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Now I have you, scoundrels!" he muttered, and the Bloodhound rushed fiercely to the contest. The stranger was a large, heavy prahu with an outrigger, but by no means of the swift and graceful build of the Bloodhound.

That the latter was recognized as an enemy was evident from the vengeful yells of the Malays.

Now the Bloodhound was within a quarter of a mile of the enemy when down went the pirate's masts and sails. The Malays always fight under bare poles, using their sweeps.

Then the strange prahu yawed, and fired a broadside from four *telas* or brass swivel guns, full at the Bloodhound. The grape and canister came crushing and tearing through the slight bulwarks of the little vessel, and tore her fore-sail considerably, besides wounding several men.

Claude held on his course without firing a shot till within two hundred yards of the pirates, when he gave up.

His turn had come.

The terrible mitraileur was trained full upon the pirates, and the storm of balls went crushing through the defenses of the strange prahu, a rain of death pouring on the unhappy Malays. At such a short range the mitraileur does its ghastly work to perfection. Peyton trained the piece and veered it from side to side, while two of his men turned the crank and poured in cartridges. From the moment he opened his fire, not a shot was returned from the pirates. The storm of death was too pitiless and unceasing to be faced. The Malays had expected an easy victory. They found an all-powerful and implacable foe. In two minutes the fighting deck was cleared of its occupants, those who were left alive leaping overboard with yells of terror. The oars were deserted in another minute. No living man could stand to his work amid such a half of bullets. The victory was complete and decisive, and three cheers from the Americans proclaimed it, as they filled their fore-sail and swept down once more upon the deserted craft.

The water was full of swimmers trying to escape. Claude tried to save some of them, but the effort was vain. So implacable is the ferocity of a Malay pirate that he prefers death to safety at the hands of his enemy. Several of the sailors who tried to pull their enemies out of the water experienced severe wounds from the latter, the desperate wretches striking at them with their krisses as they grasped them.

Such is Malay nature. It rushes on death with eagerness, but flees from its guns under a heavy fire. It desires only a tangible revenge, and prefers the kriss to the musket.

Claude was compelled to let them all drown, while he boarded the prahu. He found her full of dead and dying Malays. Here the same implacable spirit manifested itself. Men at the last gasp from loss of blood crawled like snakes across the deck to stab at the American sailors. In self-defense they were obliged to shoot all the wounded and cast them overboard with the pirates.

Huddled up in the corner of the cabin they found a woman, who proved easier to deal with. When Claude had assured her in Malay that she was safe, her gratitude was boundless.

She was a slave, she said, a captive from

a Chinese junk who had been assigned the property of the chief in command of the prahu just taken.

Claude questioned her closely as to the whereabouts of the Red Rajah. She informed him that they had left the fleet only three days before, off the island of Gilollo, where the Rajah had been cruising to watch the movements of the great fire prahuhs of the white man.

"Every night he used to sail close in," she told him, "to count the numbers of the enemy; and when the 'Burong' (the prahu just taken) left, there was strong talk of attacking the ship left alone, now that the others had gone."

"I hope they will do it," said Claude, when he heard the news. "This Red Rajah will learn a lesson, if he tries to attack Pendleton. Come, Mr. Scott, we must be off now. Take half of the men and this captured vessel and we'll sail for Gilollo."

"Hadn't we better examine yonder junk first?" said Tom Scott, the mate of the Bloodhound.

"You are right, Scott. We may have some money aboard that belongs to the owner, if I'm not mistaken."

They soon overhauled the junk, and found on board Lipopong, a Canton merchant, who had been compelled to pay a heavy ransom for his son Pong-chew. Lipopong was quite wonderstruck with the terrible execution of the Gatling gun. When told that he could have his money back by searching for it in the Burong he was still more surprised. He did not believe that such disinterestedness was possible.

"Illustrious prince," he said, with many genuflexions, "it is easy to see that you are a child of heaven. Any one else would have taken the money for himself, and left poor Lipopong to be satisfied with his son regained. Most illustrious prince! Most noble emperor!"

And Lipopong wallowed on the deck in a transport of gratitude and respect.

From him Claude procured twenty Chinese sailors, whom he placed on board the captured prahu, under command of Tom Scott, with ten Americans, to help him control them and work the ship.

Claude ceased firing as soon as they had passed, and set to work to repair damages.

The fall of the mainsail was easily accounted for. Instead of a mast, a prahu carries a triangle of timber resting on blocks under the bulwarks. This triangle sustains the lateen yard under its apex, and is hauled up or down by strong ropes. One of these ropes had been cut by shot, which brought down mast and yard together by the run.

No Comanche was visible.

Claude sailed about all day in vain search. He passed by the little rocky islet where the ransom of the merchants was exposed. To his surprise there it still lay, a little pile of bags on a rock, with a white flag fluttering above it.

Puzzled to make out the whereabouts of the ship, he determined to sail around the island in a wide circle till he should find traces of her. With a look-out at the mast-head, he cruised till dark. Just as the sun set, the distant boom of a heavy gun came across the waters from the east.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A GOOD FIGHT.

At the sound of that gun Claude started and hurried. The crew of the Bloodhound followed his example, catching the enthusiasm of the moment.

"The Comanche! The Comanche!" was the cry, and a second deep report confirmed their suspicions.

Claude ran alongside of the Burong. She was about half a mile off, and coming up with the Comanche, which the pirates were leaving. It became evident that the Bloodhound was the only vessel capable of coming up with the pirates, and rescuing Marguerite, if it was to be done. True, she was too slightly built to stand much of a fight, but then the Comanche was sure to be up in time to help her if she was in danger of sinking.

Claude placed his hopes on disabling the largest of the prahuhs and capturing it, in the hope that it might contain the Rajah.

He could see no signs, however, of the white sails of the splendid yacht. The fact made him suspect that the Rajah had hidden his prisoners somewhere else.

While he was pacing the deck, occupied with these reflections, he noticed that the Comanche was beginning to creep up to him, even in the light wind that had taken the place of the squalls.

A train of smoke and sparks from the fire船 explained the reason of this. The Comanche had got up her steam at last. She had been cruising under canvas when the battle commenced, and it took some time to light the fires, and get the boilers hot.

But now Claude exulted. He himself was coming up with the enemy, and the Comanche was coming up with him, by the assistance of steam.

They kept on their course for half an hour, during which they had both crept up to within about five hundred yards of the pirates.

Then, once more, the Comanche began to fire her nine-inch rifle on the forecastle.

With smooth water, and a light breeze, the practice was excellent. The very first shot struck one of the pirates full in the stern, traversing the entire length, and knocking a hole into her bow, or rather out of it, as big as a small dining-table.

In an instant she began to sink, amid a wild wail from the devoted crew. The other prahuhs stood on, leaving the unhappy ones to their fate.

Now the Bloodhound opened fire on the next prahuhs, sending a stream of balls into her cabin windows, each one in the same place, till the affrighted crew, stricken with superstitious terror, leaped into the sea on all sides.

The victory seemed to be sure, when a shout arose from the prahuhs; and the whole fleet, now reduced to eight, turned round on their track and hove to, to fight. They seemed to be aware of the impossibility of the barrier-reef.

The first intimation that Claude received of their intentions was a broadside of three-pound shot, that came crashing through the sides of the Bloodhound, and in one single moment reduced her to a helpless wreck, rapidly sinking. The pirates yelled with triumph as they saw the sails come tumbling down, and realized that their troublesome antagonist was out of the fight.

But, long before she sank, the Burong had arrived alongside, and the crew were transferred to her, along with the Gatling gun, hastily hauled aboard.

By the time this was done, however, the pirates were all round the Comanche, grappling to her and trying to board.

The great ship stood on her course steadily and majestically, and looked as if she could annihilate her puny opponents. But they were far more dangerous than she had given them credit for.

Peyton found himself within a quarter of a mile of the Comanche when the wind fell to a light breeze. He saw the pirates begin to draw away from the large frigate as the breeze fell. The moon illuminated the scene with a flood of silver, across which came the red flashes of the guns once more. Claude could see clearly now. The pirates had been fighting under close-reefed canvas,

and keeping very near to the ship. When the moon shone out, and the squall ceased, they crowded all sail to get away. They had no relish for a square fight in smooth water.

Peyton could see the sailors swarming over the yards of the Comanche, and a cloud of sail descended all over the ship a moment after. He let off a rocket, and his men gave three cheers.

They were answered from the Comanche, and the pirates uttered a tremendous yell.

Now the Bloodhound overhauled the frigate rapidly, passing her almost as if she were standing still, and dashed into the midst of the pirates.

Just at that moment another cloud swept over the face of the moon.

The wind rose rapidly into a second squall, in the midst of which frigate and prahuhs rushed madly through the seething foam, too busy in looking to their spars to fire at each other. When the squall had passed over, Claude found himself driven half a mile to leeward of the frigate, and some distance in front of the pirates themselves. He wore short round, and hove to, to await the assault that was inevitable.

He had not many minutes to wait, when down came the pirates in a clump, as if intending to run him down. Claude filled his fore-sail and stood off along the front of their line, till they were within a quarter of a mile, when he opened fire with the Gatling gun. He was answered from the Comanche, and the pirates were swimming for their lives. But the victory had been won at a heavy cost. The Burong only held fifteen unmasted Americans. Twenty-five had been killed outright or desperately maimed, from the last fire of the pirate fleet.

Claude Peyton was so anxious that he could not wait for the frigate's crew to take possession of her prizes. He dashed alongside and boarded the prahuhs, rushing from one to another in search of the prisoners he expected to find hidden away there. Pendleton sent a detail of sailors to take charge of the prahuhs, but nothing was found on board to indicate the presence of prisoners, only dead and dying Malay and Dyak warriors, grim and ferocious to the last, with a few female slaves, the mistresses of the chieftains.

From these they learned what Peyton had suspected before, that the Red Rajah was not in the fleet. It was only a portion of his squadron sent to attack the Comanche and draw off her attention while the Rajah himself proceeded to the rock where lay the ransom.

PORT-HOLES with small-arms, and made repeated attempts to board. But the fire of revolvers from the Comanche's crew became so heavy, that again and again they fell back.

What might have been the end of the contest there is no telling, had not the rescued Gatling gun on the Burong again come into play.

It was the first thing transferred to the prahuhs, along with two chests of ammunition. Peyton well knowing its importance at the present time. The Bloodhound sunk in fifty fathoms, full of provisions and water, but the terrible mitraileur was saved. And now it came into use, only too opportunely.

The Malays, on the starboard side of the Comanche, assailed by a perfect tempest of balls and shells, were swept away in a moment. They fell as if struck by lightning, in a line of dead and dying men. The few who remained leaped into the sea, to avoid the shower, and four prahuhs were cleared.

The Burong tacked across the Comanche's stern, and sent a second stream of balls into the mass of yelling combatants clustered on the tall side of the frigate.

Again was the scene repeated. Again the storm of death swept over the pirates, driving them into the sea as the most merciful of the two.

The tall ship and her tiny tender remained victors in the strife, and the pirates were swimming for their lives. But the victory had been won at a heavy cost. The Burong only held fifteen unmasted Americans. Twenty-five had been killed outright or desperately maimed, from the last fire of the pirate fleet.

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THE TWO FRIENDS agreed to man a portion of the prizes with sailors from the frigate, and form a fleet to cruise after their former owner. They spent the most of the night in the necessary preparations, and in the morning the fleet was ready to start.

How far they had drifted during the fight they did not yet know. Neither course nor reckoning had been noted in the excitement. When morning came they found themselves entangled among the maze of low coral reefs that forms the eastern barrier of the Malayan archipelago, with a strong current setting astern and driving them on the rocks.

To add to their perplexity the wind was very light, and the screw of the propeller was found to be so hopelessly fouled with the sail which the pirates had dropped into the water, that it would be a work of several hours to cut it loose, and in the meantime their steam engine was useless.

There was nothing for it but to beat out, and wait till they were out of danger to free the screw. They had drifted into a sea of shoals as yet unsurveyed, and which they had much difficulty in getting out of.

At last, about noon, they had the satisfaction of seeing the shoals to the south and east left astern, while the only remaining one was a long reef to the north that stretched as a barrier for several miles ahead.

Then it was that the look-out at the frigate's main top-gallant cross-trees shouted: "Sail, ho! A prahuh on the starboard bow!"

Pendleton himself scampered up the rigging, glass in hand, to inspect the stranger.

The vessel was on the port tack, with four of the swiftest prahuhs following her, headed by the Burong, with her redoubtable mitraileur. The rest of the prizes had been burnt or scuttled.

The wind was dead in their teeth, and the strange prahuh was coming down before it on the other side of the barrier reef before mentioned. Both parties were approaching each other rapidly. The captain watched the prahuh keenly, till he heard a voice behind him, exclaiming:

"The Rajah! with all the powers!"

Pendleton looked round. Claude Peyton stood on the cross-trees beside him, holding on by a stay, and gazing eagerly at the stranger.

"Then it was that the look-out at the frigate's main top-gallant cross-trees shouted: "Sail, ho! A prahuh on the starboard bow!"

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## OFF-UL.

BY JOE SOT, JR.

Once a young Russian nobleman,  
An officer of the frontier clan,  
Old Bustissnootanrunoff,  
Was young enough to fall in love  
With Major and Old Orfufiski,  
Who was the only daughter of  
The tanner Jug-i-ski.

But she already was engaged  
To Monsieur Nockislegoff,  
Who was the nephew of the aged  
Assessor Omwigzoff.

The day already had been set;  
The priest, old Chawmearzoff,  
Was spoken to to tie the knot  
Along with Neverswearzoff.

The guests had even got their bids,  
Young them, Sveniaski,  
The keeper of the royal hounds,  
And lawyer Dryanhaski,

And all the big bugs of the town  
From Mayor Blominzoff,

Who was to give the bride, on down  
To Cumanbrushimzoff.

The morn all was up, the groom refused  
His garter of cold liver,  
And so he left the bride now abus'd,  
Sware he would not forgive her,  
And challenged this young Outosocks

Through Colonel Nockmychinooff;

It was accepted by his friend,  
Lieutenant Sawmishinoff.

The morn each made a hasty meal  
Of his garter of cold castor

And with their swords were to reveal  
Which one of them was master.

Young Outosocks was killed, and Nock-

Izlegoff, dreading scandal,

Then blew his brains out on the spot

With a two-cent tallow candle.

When Orfufiski heard their fate,

She brought a�ne's two-ounce weight,

On suicide bent solely;

Confessed her sin, which were some scores,

To father Slumberzey,

Then poured the poison out—of doors

And married Kofusnizsey.

## A Ride with a Madman.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

QUITE late in the afternoon, Miss Almyr, a beautiful young seamstress, received a telegram which informed her that her only brother was dying at Washington, ninety miles away.

Sisterly affection said that she must soothe that dying brother's pillow, and hear the last words he had to utter, ere he left her brotherhood in this wide world.

She examined her little purse, and discovered that her worldly wealth amounted to but three dollars, while the railroad fare to Washington was considerably over four. Yet Oscar must gaze upon her face before he died; she must kiss his lips before they became cold in death.

Miss Almyr had a lover, to whom, with great delicacy, she went and made known her situation.

Ward Nichols was "well to do in the world," as folks say, and with a look of pity, for the vail of affliction was about to enshroud Miss Almyr; he gave her a twenty-dollar bank note, and hoped that Oscar would not die.

He did more than this. He accompanied her to the central depot, and saw her on the rapidity of lightning.

"I wish I were going with you to-night," he said, as he took her hand to say good-by. "As you know, disreputable characters ply their nefarious callings on this road. But I can not leave the office, the more's the pity. Take this, then; you may need it," and he thrust the tiniest of six-shooters into her hand.

She put it in the pocket of her dress, and thanked him.

Then, as the cars were moving off, he left her, and presently she seemed to be flying over the road.

The lamps were already lit, and Miss Almyr glanced around at her fellow-passengers. They were but three in number, two women and one man. The former alighted at the first station, but the latter remained in the coach, his head bowed upon the back of the seat.

Presently the conductor entered the coach, and said to Miss Almyr:

"Miss, I shall lock the doors of the coach, as I leave it. It is a precaution which we must take on this road. The gentleman sleeping yonder is going to Washington, and he will not disturb you."

Miss Almyr did not relish the idea of riding ninety dreary miles with a strange man, and under lock and key. But she did not permit her complaints to gain utterance, and, after a while, the conductor left the coach, locking the door as he did so.

On, thundered the train, and Miss Almyr leaned back in the seat, and never took her eyes off her fellow-traveler. A thought had intruded itself upon her mind that he was an evil-disposed individual, with whom she was fated to have some trouble before she reached her destination.

Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly to Miss Almyr, the man raised his head, and fastened his eyes upon her, as though he were trying to read the secrets of her heart. For awhile there was nothing unnatural in the look, when a wild light took possession of his dark eyes, and Miss Almyr almost sprang to her feet with a shriek of terror.

His suddenly altered countenance sent a terrible revelation, like a flash of lightning, across her already burdened mind.

She was under lock and key with a maniac!

Her first impulse was to throw up the single sash and call for help, but she did not obey it. A second thought told her that the roar of the train would prevent her cry from reaching aid.

There was nothing left for her to do but to face the madman, and this she firmly resolved to do as became a brave little woman.

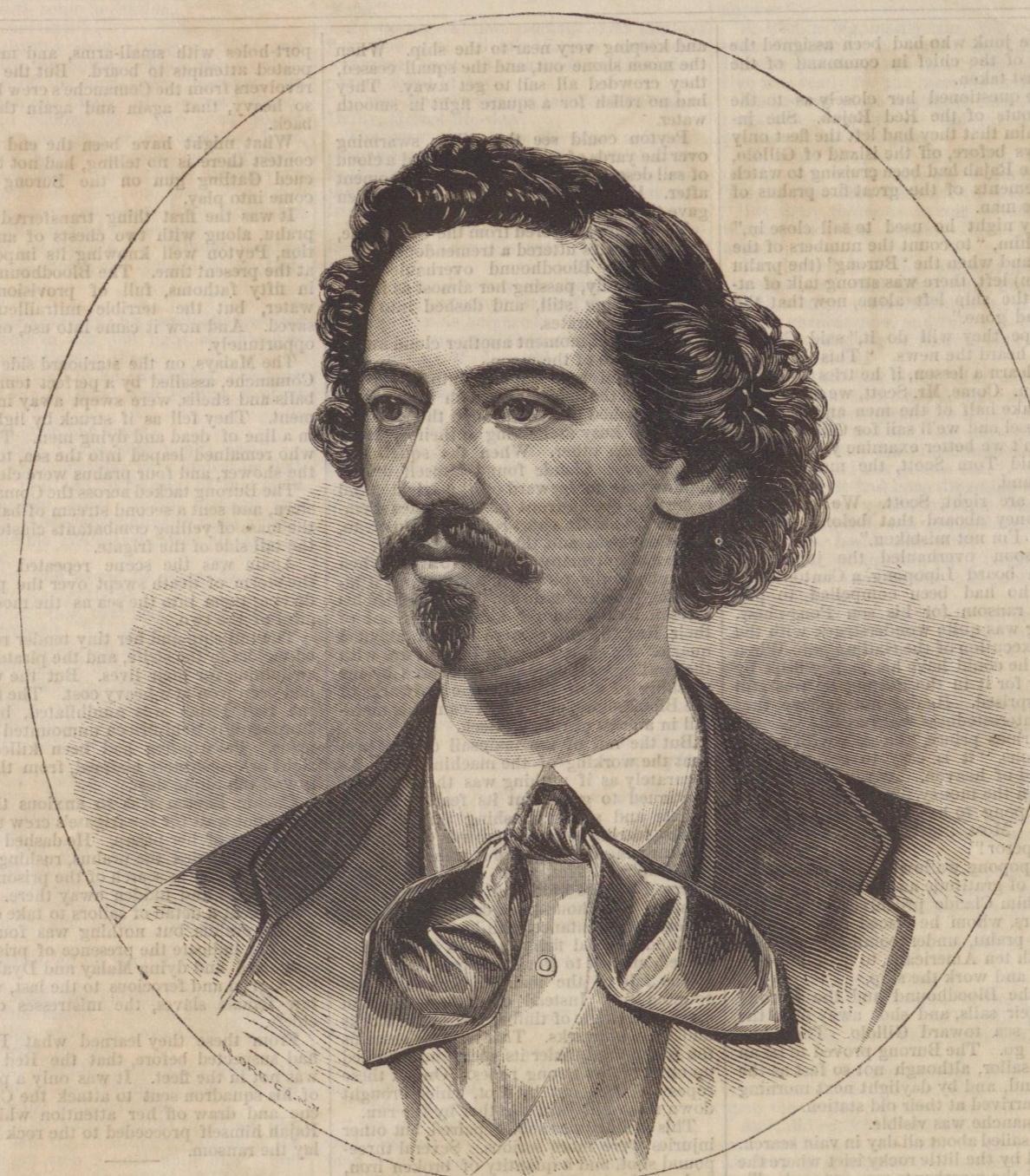
With wonderful calmness she drew Ward's revolver and cocked it. She recollects his words, "You may need it," and wished that God would bless him for his thoughtfulness.

For some minutes after noticing his fellow-traveler the man did not stir. At the end of that time he slowly rose to his feet, and again fastened his demoniac eye upon Miss Almyr.

"After years of terrible toil," he said, addressing her in a tone which seemed to turn her blood to ice, "I have perfected my star ship, the greatest invention of modern times. For five hundred years I have toiled over the ship. Her sails are beaten silver, her masts the strongest cedars on Lebanon's hills, and her mighty engines are made of gold; the piston-rod is studded with diamonds. But one thing I lack—but one thing—the propelling power."

He paused; but, Miss Almyr did not speak.

"Blood—a virgin's blood, shall be the



ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Red Mazeppa; or, the Madman of the Plains," to commence next week, in No. 102 of the Saturday Journal. Also, author of "Wolf Demon," "Witches of New York," "Overland Kit," "Winged Whale," "White Witch," "Scarlet Hand," "Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

## Recollections of the West.

How Ben Hardin beat Davy Crockett Shooting.

BY CAPT. BRUNI ADAMS.

propelling power of my star ship," he suddenly exclaimed. "It heats quicker than water, and when once heated, it will send my vessel to the most distant star with the rapidity of lightning."

Miss Almyr shuddered at the maniac's horrible thoughts, and conceived the plan of gaining time by entering into a conversation with him. She had read, somewhere, of persons drawing maniacs from the soul-absorbing thoughts that eternally haunted them, and thereby saving their lives. The train was rushing over a level road at a momentum of thirty-three miles an hour, and at any moment the conductor was liable to enter the coach.

She put it in the pocket of her dress, and thanked him.

"Are you going to Wingarten?" she asked, calmly meeting his gaze.

"To Wingarten?" he thundered. "No!"

I'm going in my star ship to Polaris. I have an invitation to sup with the monarch of the North star. Then I will chase Ursal Major through the heavens, and out-sail the Argo. Oh, won't such feats be grand, grand grand!" I'll sail through the milky-way, and astonish the inhabitants of those millions of spheres. Yes, I will do all this when I have obtained the propelling power—a virgin's blood! I must have it. Fate has placed it in my power. I will tap your veins first, and then I'll drain the arteries."

He stepped toward Miss Almyr with drawn razor, laughing fiendishly over the expected culmination of his cherished crazy plans.

"Back!" cried the seamstress, leveling the revolver. "Back, madman, or I will shoot you!"

He did not seem to have heard her warning, for he came on.

"Blood, blood!" he cried, brandishing aloft the razor. "My enterprise must not fail for the want of the great propelling power. I must keep my appointment with the king of the polar star."

He was almost within the reach of Miss Almyr when she fired.

The demon sunk to the floor of the coach, blood issuing from a wound on the temple.

"Blood!" he cried, gazing upon some of his own gore which stained his hand; "but none, no, not mine!"

He sprung to his feet, and darted at Miss Almyr. A second ball from the revolver entered his breast, and with a yell of agony, he staggered back.

What he would have accomplished—for his last wound, like his first, was not mortal—I do not know; but before he could rise, the door was thrown wide open, and the conductor rushed into the coach.

With the aid of a brakeman, who followed him, he bound the madman, and carried him into the baggage-car. Overjoyed at her delivery, Miss Almyr sank back with nerves unstrung, and presently the train was to drive center every time.

Davy was the guest of his friend, Mr. Hardin, whose fine residence was situated upon a hill on the outskirts of and overlooking the town, and thither the traveler was conveyed, the evening before the match.

The day dawned clear and bright, and at an early hour the shooting commenced. If there had been any hopes of beating the "champion" they were very soon blighted, for ball after ball did the great marksman send through the center of his target, not one varying the width of a hair, and hence making it a matter of impossibility for any to do better.

Noon came, and the multitude dispersed for dinner, with the understanding that the shooting would be resumed in the cool of the afternoon. Of all who had driven that day to exceed the visitor, none had tried so hard or so persistently as Ben Hardin. He had done magnificent shooting, but it was not up to the mark. Once or twice his ball had wandered a little and so lost him the honor.

"I'll beat him yet," he was heard to mutter, as he left the grove, a remark that

caused a loud laugh only, for none thought the feat would really be accomplished.

Now it must be known that among many other luxuries and comforts of which the great lawyer's homestead could boast, was a fine, large spring of clear, cold water that burst from a cliff some little distance from the house.

Over this spring Mr. Hardin had caused to be erected a small stone building, the lower part of which served as a "milk house," while the upper room had been fitted up luxuriously for the use of its owner.

Here in the hot summer days would congregate a select circle of friends, who, to kill time, were in the habit of resorting to a certain game known as Old Sledge, during the progress of which the sable waiter would hand round a delicious compound, skillfully concocted from old Bourbon, sugar, and the fragrant mint that grew luxuriantly about the mossy rocks beneath.

To this charming spot the host conducted Davy, after leaving the grove where the shooting had taken place, and immediately the services of the sable compounder of mint juleps were called into requisition.

On that occasion Pompey excelled ever himself.

The beverage was not only palatable, it was delicious, enchanting, and certainly most deceptive.

Davy had never before been so blessed. He was in the habit of taking it "straight jess so," and so it followed that glass after glass of the treacherous liquid was passed to the great hunter, and by him passed out of sight.

Mr. Hardin drank but sparingly, indeed he never did otherwise, and hence when the time came to adjourn to the grove once more, his walk was steady and his arm firm to aid the somewhat uncertain footsteps of his guest.

Davy, totally unconscious that any thing "out of the way" was affecting his head or eyesight, was eager for the match to commence.

The crowd assembled rapidly, and soon the sharp, whip-like reports of the rifle were again sounding in the grove.

Davy shot badly, very badly, and the more he shot, the worse his shooting became.

He was utterly bewildered. Never before had such a thing happened to him, and finally, as Mr. Hardin, who was now his opponent, placed bullet after bullet closer in than he had done, he got mad.

But it was no use. His gun was bewitched, or he was, he didn't know which.

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him; he had "got the trail," and, springing upon a stump, he jerked off his coon-skin cap, and addressed the amused spectators:

"I've been beat shootin'" he yelled. "Me, Davy Crockett, the game-cock uv old Salt river! But it ain't been done far, by them buckskins uv old Hick'ry, it ain't a squar' match! I kin outshoot any livin' man, but I tell you, that ain't a fellin' livin' as kin shoot ag'in Ben Hardin an' his stone spring house, with a round-headed nigger an' a gallon uv bled corn pined with rag-weeds throwed into ther barg'in! That ain't, by the everlastin' constitution!"

This severity soon exerted itself against the Quakers, who were whipped, banished, and imprisoned. The behavior of these new enthusiasts, who, in the midst of tortures and ignominy, praised God, and called for blessings upon men, inspired a reverence for their persons and opinions, and gained them a number of proselytes; but still the spirit of persecution was not abated; those persons who were either convicted or even suspected of entertaining sentiments of toleration, were exposed to such cruel oppressions, that they were forced to fly from their first asylum, and seek refuge in another. They found one on the same continent; and as New England had been first founded by persecution, so were its limits extended by it.

The Pilgrims.—In the year 1610, some Brownists, headed by Mr. Robinson, whom Neal styles the Father of the Independents, being driven from England by persecution, fled to Holland, and settled at Leyden; but in 1621 they determined, in conjunction with Mr. Brewster, assistant preacher to Mr. Robinson, to found a church for their sect in

## Short Stories from History.

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